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FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1922

WEARING OF THE GREEN

Wonder how many readers remember the old-fashioned St. Patrick's Day parades.

It seemed that all the Irishmen in the world turned out to march in those parades, smoking clay pipes and wearing green ribbons around their plug hats.

Lines formed at 9 o'clock in the morning. The marchers were a trifle stiff at first, what with their Sunday suits of "store clothes." But after things warmed up a bit, the parades became symphonies of Irish song and rhythmic marching.

Nine in the morning until six at night!

These parades were the high spots of the year. The Irish of Philadelphia claimed the record in 1873, with 75,000 marchers.

The parades kept getting larger and larger each year. They finally had to be abandoned because each marcher insisted that the procession turn down the side street past his house.

The mode of celebrating St. Patrick's Day has changed. But St. Patrick's Day continues with us. It is one of the very few things that have refused to be downed by time.

The Irish have been celebrating St. Patrick's Day for some 1,500 years. The world has had terrific upheavals during those 1,500 years, but the Green Day always calmly emerges.

No doubt, if civilization lasts for 1,000,000 years, people still will be wearing green in honor of St. Patrick. His birthday is a permanent part of the calendar.

And, as a wit has said, it's the only day in the year when the greener you are at your work, the better.

PAVING AND SAVING

GEETING public improvements under way is a long and difficult job requiring a maximum of care and patience. There are many interests to be considered and many widely different views to be reconciled. These difficulties can always be overcome by forbearance and careful investigation. We have seen something of this in the work of getting paving started in Albuquerque. There was a time when the cost of paving seemed too high to permit of an extensive program, even when all admitted the need and all property owners had the will to join in making an all-paved city of Albuquerque. The prices for paving have now been so reduced that all protest as to price appears to have been withdrawn and everyone seems agreed that we can afford to and should go ahead with the larger paving plans.

Into this promising situation comes differences of opinion as to the materials and types to be used. The bituminous surface on a concrete base has been a highly satisfactory paving in Albuquerque. It could not have given better service in all ways. The first of such paving, laid here years ago, is as sound as when it was put down. But it costs more than other types of paving which have been used in other cities, with good results. Among these is what is called the "black base." Because there was a saving of 4¢ cents a square yard to property owners in this latter type of paving over the bituminous with concrete base, and because engineers and tests prove beyond doubt that it is efficient for residence street traffic, the city commission chose it from some eight or ten types on which bids were offered in the program contracted Wednesday night. Some property owners prefer the concrete base. Their view is that it has been tried and tested here. They hold the black base to be an experiment. The property owners are going to pay for the paving and they have a right to be satisfied. But even at the reduced prices the concrete base costs considerably more than the "black base," and if we are to have city-wide paving the low priced surface, so long as it carries efficiency and durability, is needed. Property owners can and will lay more paving at \$2.56 per square yard than at \$2.70 or \$2.99.

The Herald has no direct knowledge of the efficiency of the black base paving but its use in Phoenix, where conditions are almost identical, and if anything more trying to a paving surface because of excessive summer temperatures, seems to prove that it is going to be satisfactory here. That is the view of the city manager, an experienced paving engineer. It is the view of the commissioners who have made a careful study of it. Commissioner Swope has even gone to the personal expense of trips to Phoenix and other towns

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

There shall no evil happen to the just; but the wicked shall be filled with mischief.—Proverbs 12:21.

For myself I am certain that the good of human life exists in the possession of things which for one man's purpose is for the best to lose; but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbor's happiness.

where this paving is in use. He is satisfied that it affords what Albuquerque needs—a durable paving that can be had at a price low enough to permit every property owner to petition for it.

As we understand it the type of paving chosen makes no difference to the contractor whose bid is successful. His profit is figured on the same basis, no matter what type is used. Concrete salesmen, of course, favor the concrete base.

But if Albuquerque can get in the black base paving, a type that will stand up, at a price that will permit the paving of residence streets it does seem the part of wisdom to adopt that type and go ahead with the paving that will constitute an improvement to this city of the utmost value to the city as a whole and to every foot of real estate in it.

If there were any doubt of the efficiency of the black base paving competent engineers would not recommend its adoption nor would the members of the city commission permit it to be laid.

Let's get behind the paving program—now, so that by the end of another year the rutty, dusty, dirty unpaved street will be the exception in Albuquerque instead of the rule.

Let us remember this: Prices now are down, due to a combination of market and other cost conditions. We have no assurance that these prices will still be down a year from now. As business improves, prices go up. That is true of paving as it is of any other commodity.

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When the army transports Candelaria reaches New York around the end of the month, it will bring 1,224 flag-draped caskets, the last large funeral procession of American soldiers who died in France.

About 40,000 already have been brought home. About 32,000 of those who died overseas will be concentrated in American cemeteries abroad.

Thus the war slowly retreats into the mists of history.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Phot graphs for families that live in apartment houses. Photographic makers say they'll sell 1,500,000 machines this year.

Photograph sales rise, fall with the tides of prosperity. About 20,000 machines were sold in 1918. Sales crept up to 260,000 in 1919 and 280,000 in 1920. Sales fell to 220,000 in 1919, when the boom collapsed. Then came the depression in 1921.

What's it all about? It's a mystery.

Reinhard, replied John Drury, "There's been a swing away from the Indians."

All right, I'll stay. Drury, I guess you'd better go with that.

It was pure chance that enabled Billy to catch the gnomes of civilization in their trap. When Simon said that he, Billy Wings, was not going with him in the trail of the lost necklaces.

When Simon and Billy were gone away with Rosedale, Billy chased across at the Jules and Rosedale.

"What's it all about?" he asked curiously.

"It's all right," replied John Drury. "He's been reading up to the Indians."

I know he has. And it's a great service to the community. It's no sin.

The door opened and Simon Shandie entered. He laid a note on the desk in front of Billy. It stopped a round two hours ago.

Simon said it was to be sure and give it to you as soon as I could.

When did she give you the note? Billy inquired curiously.

"Oh, round half-past two."

Without another word Shandie turned and walked out. Billy Wings opened the note.

Please come out here as soon as you can. Come tonight without me. I need you.

It was signed with Hazel Walton's full name.

Billy unfolded the note, read again, then tossed it into the card board box that served for a waste paper basket.

I guess we'll need another witness. I wonder if you could get hold of Guernsey Melody.

I want to go. The judge declared.

You sold out before, said Billy Wings in no wise moved.

You'll go all right. Do you wanna know why? I'll tell you. You see, Judge, I know what I'm up against. I know that the only barrier that stands between me and the graveyard is the lead in this gun. I'm a dead man.

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